

# Mary Pickford's Honeymoon

## Interesting Photographs of the "Doug" Fairbanks Home, Beverly Hills, Near Los Angeles, California, Where Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks Are Living

THE readers of these pages have been told in fullest detail the story of Mary Pickford's unhappy married life with Owen Moore. Married at the age of seventeen, the poor girl led a miserable and hopeless matrimonial existence for nine long years until she appealed to a Nevada court last March to have her bondage to Owen Moore ended.

A few weeks later Mary Pickford became the wife of Douglas Fairbanks.

While the authorities of the State of Nevada are trying to upset Mary Pickford Moore's divorce, the famous movie queen and her new husband have been enjoying as best they could their honeymoon in the home of Mr. Fairbanks at Beverly Hills, a paradise of palms a few miles from Hollywood, near Los Angeles, where so many busy motion picture studios are located.

The marriage of "Our Mary" and "Doug" is one of the greatest romances in the history of the stage. While comparatively unknown and before great wealth came to the two of them they both formed other unions—both of them unfortunate. Their work threw them together, and now today they make films in studios on opposite sides of the same boulevard. Pickford, Fairbanks and Chaplin, the three great film stars, became intimate friends.

"Our Mary's" love story has long been discussed in California. In fact, she bought a house up among the hills on the estate next to Douglas's so that people should not stare whenever they met. Pauline Frederick lives not far away, and Charlie Chaplin, whose marriage also has not been a happy one, spends a great deal of his time in the Fairbanks house—often sleeping there.

They married secretly—so secretly that not even Charlie Chaplin was there—and they are now spending their honeymoon in the Fairbanks mansion.

"Mary was never prettier and Doug never had a more winning smile than at their wedding party," one of the guests at the wedding party declared.

"I have got the prettiest, most wonderful wife that ever existed," Fairbanks insisted, "and I can prove it by those who everyday go to the movies here and in Europe and in Australia and everywhere."

These were not formal statements. They were just part of the merry conversation at the marriage dinner party at the Fairbanks home in Beverly Hills.

There was Mrs. Pickford, Mary's mother, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fairbanks, brother and sister-in-law of Doug and a few others.

Let us pass lightly over the pre-dinner cocktails, which Mary and Douglas alone passed up, and the champagne, which they also refrained from drinking.

"Bad for the athletes," said Doug,

The Fairbanks Home, Beverly Hills, as Seen from the Roadside. Photographs by Brower, Los Angeles, Cal.



The Dining Table.

"I never touch it," said Mary sweetly. "It's wonderful to be an American."

"Yes," said Doug. "You know they call her 'America's Sweetheart.'"

"That's not what I meant," Mary went on with a marital frown at Doug, who slumped down in his chair, abashed.

"Of course, it's wonderful," we all echoed.

"I mean," Mary said, "that on Sunday night for the first time I became an American. You know, I was born in Canada."

"You can't help that, though, Mary, dear," said Mrs. Pickford, blushing.

"I know, ma, but I've so often meant to take out naturalization papers. And I've just put it off and off. And now I'm married to an American born here and full of American pep—and so now I'm an American."

"You know," Doug said, "this America's sweetheart stuff has got to stop. I'm here to tell the world, if it is interested, that she's my sweetheart, and if the world doesn't like it they know the way to Beverly Hills."

We all doubted that. It's the hardest place to find in the world.

"Oh, Douglas," said Mary, she calls him

Mr. Fairbanks' Room.

that, not Doug. "That's not fair. I think it's a wonderful tribute to be called America's sweetheart. I love them all, bless them."

One must not, either, forget Rex, for if Rex ever bites you, you can't forget very well. He's half wolf, and "is a man eater," as "Doug" says. He has only one friend and that one D. Fairbanks, scorning all other individuals. That is until his animal sense told him that Mary was "all right."

On the day of the wedding Doug's big dog for the first time allowed any but "Doug" to pet him. He likes Mary, peculiarly enough, which shows good dog-sense.

The Fairbanks estate where the happy couple are living is about five miles from Los Angeles. The dwelling is a grey stucco house with green gables and a shingled roof painted green, situated on one of the highest of the picturesque hills. It has twenty-four rooms, at least half of which are bedrooms for the entertainment of Mr. Fairbanks' many friends.

One of the most interesting rooms and the most used, is the huge living room where Mr. Fairbanks has set up a projection machine and where he entertains his guests nightly with motion pictures.

There are fifty acres in the Fairbanks estate. Around the fifty acres runs a cinder path which Mr. Fairbanks uses daily for his exercises. Dressed in trunks he runs several times around this cinder path every morning for exercise. He has also on the place some artificial lakes used for canoeing. There is also a swimming pool 175 feet wide by 200 feet long and 20 feet deep, in which Mr. Fairbanks takes his daily swim.

Beside this he has set up his parallel bars and other apparatus for gymnastics. He uses this apparatus before his swim in the lake. Mr. Fairbanks also has a gymnasium on the top floor of his house.

He has three Japanese servants and several maids—probably eight or ten ser-

vants in all. On this estate he conducts the local rodeos—that is, if any neighbor wants to throw the lariats to catch horses or cattle he is allowed to practice or have matches of skill on the Fairbanks estate.

That, then, briefly is the comfortable establishment that Mary Pickford has now become the mistress of—a veritable earthly paradise.

However interesting is Mary Pickford's husband or new home, it is "Our Mary" herself who is the real centre of interest.

Twenty-six years ago a little girl was born in Toronto. She was christened Gladys Smith. Five years later the child's father died. Her mother was left a widow with three children. Gladys was the oldest. She had a small sister, Lottie, and a smaller brother, John, whom the family called Jack.

Mrs. Smith joined the local stock company and carried the smaller children on and off when babies were required in the plays. "The Valentine Stock Company" chose "Bootsie's Baby" for its next offering. The manager said, "We must find a child somehow to play this part."

Little Gladys Smith was hanging upon her mother's skirts and listening, as was her habit. She was a quiet child, obeying the injunction, "Children should be seen, not heard." But on this occasion she spoke. "I'll play it," she said.

"I wonder if she can." The manager studied her. "We'll try her, anyway."

She played it. That was her debut on the stage.

Chauncey Olcott's company was finally reinforced by the quartet of Smiths. The Smiths helped him play "Edmund Burke." It was while they were with the sweet singer of Irish songs that Mrs. Smith concluded there were too many Smiths. At least, she deemed the name colorless for stage use. Casting about for a more picturesque name she went back to the memory of her paternal grandmother. She renamed the entire family Pickford. Because Mary made fine rhythm with Pickford she dropped the Gladys from her eldest child's stage title. That was the beginning of Mary Pickford's fame as

Mary Pickford. Though for several years managers preferred, because of her youth, to "bill" her as "Little Mary."

It was when the family of troopers was staying in Jersey City between long road seasons that the adventurous child went alone to the Republic Theatre, then leased by David Belasco and named for him. She told the stage doorkeeper she wished to see "the boss of the show." "Tell him I've come a long way and must see him," she insisted. The doorkeeper, kinder than his sort, obeyed. He came back with the tidings, "he is too busy to see you."

The doorkeeper witnessed then something he had not seen before in his long and varied career. The girl with brown eyes and golden curls darted under his arm, skinned through the corridor, and dashed upon the stage. While he followed her in a daze she had crossed the stage and was addressing the great Belasco.

"Good morning, I knew you by your pictures."

Mr. Belasco smiled. He admired daring. The child won what she had dreamed about and dared for, a contract with him.

When that engagement was finished the need of money pressed. Even then it was hard to maintain a manless family of four in comfort. Little Mary had by that time become the head of the former Smith, now the Pickford family. She had heard something of the new art of pictures. What had interested her most was that one might earn five dollars a day provided the director thought "your type suited."

She tells of spending her last nickel to reach the old Biograph Studio on East Fourteenth street. Fortunately, she didn't have to walk home. She was retained for some work that day and was asked to come back the next. Soon she was starring in "Lena and the Geese." A handsome youth played opposite her. He was Owen Moore, whom later her heart or fate decreed she was to marry.

As soon as the clouds which overhang the Nevada divorce are cleared away and their business plans will permit Mary Pickford and her husband intend to tour Europe. A newspaper writer who recently had an interview with Mrs. Fairbanks for

Mary Pickford Fairbanks and "Doug" in Their Canoe at Their Own Landing at the Fairbanks Estate.

the London Express has this to say:

I looked at Mary Pickford very carefully. I was gazing for the first time at a face I had seen thousands of times on the screen. Then I said, "Now your curls aren't down."

When you meet Mary Pickford at tea, as I did, her curls are fastened up under a hat. Her eyes smile at you under a wide brim, and she strikes you at first as being merely a very pretty girl whose face reminds you of somebody you have seen somewhere.

Mary Pickford is the first Cinderella I have ever met. Born to work and fight and struggle, she is now a queen with millions of subjects. One of Mary Pickford's charms is her

modesty. She seldom talks about herself.

"I attribute my success to the people around me," Mary told me. "We are a happy family. The person who writes the scenarios, the man who produces the pictures, the camera man, the office boy—we are all one in our enthusiasm. That is the secret of success."

Has success brought you happiness, Mary? I asked.

"Success is a marvellous thing," she said. "I love it. I have to hold myself in leash lest I become too happy. I get happiness out of my work, out of my fame, out of my money. I like automobiles. I like good food. I like beautiful houses, I like pretty clothes and I like feeling rich. It would be stupid to deny it. I like going to buy beautiful dresses and to finger them before I pay for them. I don't often do it, because I am a very busy person, but it is such a nice, comfortable feeling."

Yes, I started work at five years of age and I soon learned that life wasn't a

path of roses. It meant worry and work and work and worry. But now all this wonderful happiness has come to me! Do you know, sometimes I have so much of it I try to give some of it away."

Mary hasn't a baby of her own—a baby is the dream of her life, she told me—but when her little nephew was born, healthy and strong and with good eyesight, she adopted an entire orphanage as a thanksgiving. Somehow she had a fear the baby would be born blind.

"No, life isn't all roses even for me. Money isn't my god; achievement is. Now, in the midst of my money, halfway toward my achievement, I have got nervous indigestion, and, believe me, it isn't much use being a millionaire film star if you have to drink hot water instead of tea for breakfast. I am Canadian, you know, and love English tea—and if you can't eat candies and sweet cakes!"

What does Mary's married life consist of?

Well, she spends an hour every morning keeping herself fit—a dashing gallop on a horse, work with the dumb-bells, a swim in the bathing pool. The film star's life is not leisure; it is work and exercise. Otherwise, she would not keep her slimness and her lissom grace. And in this she will have every encouragement, for Douglas is "exercise mad." He even enters his studio often by jumping over the wall.

After a breakfast of fruit—that is one of Mary's secrets—she will drive or ride down to the working-place which she rents at the studios. These, by a coincidence—for the movies studios at Hollywood are scattered about an area covering, perhaps, sixteen square miles—are directly opposite the door of the Fairbanks' studio, and here she will either be actually making a film, supervising the editing of one already made, or scheming out a new one.

Then she will drive home to lunch, perhaps, five miles away, or have a meal sent in from the restaurant which forms part of every large studio. Afterward work will go on till the light begins to go. This is the programme five days a week.